BY WILLIAM RODERICE LAWRENCE. How beautiful the rays
Of Summer sunshine foll
On bill and vale, and cast
A golden hue o'er all,

The affect stream floate by
With golden jewels deck'd;
The green leaves softly sight,
With lights and shadows fleck'd.

The velvet meed and lawn.
The moss best to the stream,
Are bathed in radiant alow
As in a fairy dream.

The mellow, golden air;
The mellow, golden air;
The happiness to seese
On all so bright and fair.

Yeet sunlight joy imparts.

And every heart doth feel
Its gentle influence warm
Through each pulsation steal.

It gilds the vanit above, it gilds the earth beneath, and with its warmth and joy Our transient lives doth wreaths.

Then bless the annehine fair, That cheers us on our way, Till we shall reach that clime Where it is endiess day.

THE STORM SECRET.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE

TOUCHING PASSION, MYSTERY AND ADVENTUZE,

BY SYLVANUS CORE, JR.,

Buthor of the "Gun Maker of Moscow," and also of the following takes which have recently been published elsewhere under various name deplume: "The Texas Cruser," "Bee Hamed, or, The Children of Fate," "Henry La Stati, "Alore the Fates Gil." "The Ocean Mar17", "The Storm Children," "The King and Cobbber," "Bean the
North and "The See Loon," together with all the storice purporting
to have been written by Austin C. Burdick.

It is seldom that we publish a story in our columns, as the cast pressure of sews, and the rapid whirt of important events which are now transpiring, crowd so strangly upon our space that we sometimes begrange even the room for advertisements. But the "women folks" and the "young people "of both seres say they can't have on politics, commercial statistics, and general news alone, and that they must have their favorite paper spiced with a little rosy fiction, and accounts of such doings as lovers dream of; and, in obeliesce to this demand, we now copy from The New-York Ledger the following admirable Navelette, by one of our most popular American authurs, entitled The Sroke Sacker: A Story of Shap and Shere; which is one of the most interesting and thrilling teles we remember ever to have read.

A STORM, AND ITS FERRICL RESULT.

It was on the evening of the 7th of November, and the good ship Red Lion had entered the broad Atlantic on her way home from the Indies. She left Cape Town on the 5th, and was just losing sight of the African coast, having stood up toward St.

Hillens. But the wind had now died away almost to a perfect calm. With the setting of the sun the breeze had fallen, and new, two hours later, the ship lay without motion save such as came from the long, lazy swells of water that rolled in shore-ward upon the ccean's bosom. The heavy canvas flapped ward upon the ccean's bosom. The beavy canvas happed against the masts, and the slack ropes rattled and creaked as they came together or worked spasmodically through the blocks. The moon was up, and its beams fell upon a glassy surface, not dancing as usual, but rolling up and down like a field of silver in

was a passenger named Atherton—John Atherton. The former was master of the ship. He was a short, thick-set man, with dark features—dark from exposure—black hair and eyes, and dark features—dark from exposure—back man and eyes, and eyes, are ashibiting one of those peculiar conformations which mark the regular "sea deg". He had followed the sea from his boyhood, and was accounted one of the best ship masters in the country. Though by nature rough and harsh, yet a good judgment and long experience with the world had worked him down to a kind, considerate man; and if his passions were not are used he selved dear the restricted from the standard of true manhood. He kine we departed from the standard of true manhood. He knes well how prone was his heart to cherish evil, and he worked

and to keep it out.

John Atherton was a man some forty years of age; tall and

mmanding in person; with a bold, frank countenance; curling

air of a nut brown hue; large hazel eyes, and a brow of more His wife was on board the ship, having accompanied on his voyage. She was a mild, light haired, blue eyed, man, only five and twenty years of age, and had married her husbard from pure love, for when she promised to be his she knew not of his wealth. And he, too, loved his gentle wife. He almost worshiped her, and well he might, for she watched over his welfare with all her power of vigilance and in the hour of pain or trouble, she was ever by his side with her smile and word of cheer. But Agnes Atherton was not alone. Not only that she her own attendant for company, but Mrs. Phillips, the captain's wife, was also on board.

"Captain Phillips," spoke the merchant, after they had leoked all around the horizon, "What do you make of this."

"I shall hardly think of making anything out of it," returned

ly, for there was one below of whom he thought more than know about that, Sir. I think it will be a hard blow;

hend much capen.

the liden's seasick once more."

the liden's speak of danger," resumed Atherton; "I only done of those severe storms on the very grounds of which have spoken. Four Agues suffers much from them, and at present time I have a double reason for wishing her kept

quiet and comfortable.

So have I in behalf of my wife." added the captain. "Yet I fear we shalf have a severe blow, though there may not be a long storm. I don't like these kind of calms on this coast. Bon't you feel how light and rarefied this atmosphere is "" "Yes—I have been noticing it some time." At this moment a young female came up from the cabin and touched Mr. Atherton on the elbow. Her rame was Mary Lane—a small, cheerful girl, some twenty years of age, with auburn har and light gray eyes, and who had come to attend the mer-

—a small, cheerful girl, some twenty years of age, with annur har and light gray eyes, and who had come to attend the merchant's young wife.

"What is it, Mary!" the gentleman asked.

"My lady wishes to see you, Sir," she replied, as she turned to go back to the cabin.

Atherton followed her down and went at once to his wife's state-room. He found her upon the bed, and apparently much distressed. She smiled when she saw him, a. d then covered her face with her thin white hands.

"What is it, Agnes I" he asked, at the same time bending over and kissing his wife upon the brow.

She placed one arm about his neck and whispered in his ear. He beard her through and then started up.

"Are you sure I" he uttered, eagelly and anxionsly.

"Most certainly I am," she answered him.

He then wound his arms about her frail form, and having held her to his boom for some moments he started up and left the room. In the cabin he found the surgeon, an Englishman who had been practicing some years in Calcutts and who was now on his way to visit America. He whispered to the man of medicane, and the latter immediately rose and went into the room where Agnes Atherton was.

Join Atherton was networs and sue asy, and yet he was happy. Two score years had passed over his head, and now for the rist time had be the prospect of becoming a tather. No wonder his step was tremibus as he posed to and fro across the cabin the tather to the tast time had be the prospect of becoming a tather. No wonder his step was tremibus as he posed to one for across the cabin the tast was and one of the captain's room was epseed and a ne-

or. Ere long the door of the captain's room was epecied and a ne-

grawoman came out. She went on dock, and in a few mannents more Philips followed her down and hastened to his room. When he came out he wear very nervous and durried, "Where is the doctor?" he asked of Atherton, at the same

"Where is the doctor" he saked of Atherios, at the time moving instinctively toward the room of the autgeon "He's in my room," said the merchant.

But he must come to mine at once."

Why-what's to pay, captain "
Never mind. He must see my wife."

Hut he is now with mise."

Elt! with yours? Is your wife really down!"
Yes."

And we are both to be made fathers in a calm. May the

"Yea."
"And we are both to be made fathers in a calm. May the engury prove happy."
"But on the verge of a storm," suggested Atherton.
"Never mind," resumed Philips. "Go and tell the decter to come to me as seen as possible."
Mr. Atherton went and delivered the message, and ere many minutes the angeon came out and went to attend the new caller.
It was now nine o'clock, and the atmosphere had become oppressive in the extreme. The man had all left the forecastic to get a breath offsesh air on deck, but they found matters but little better there. The air seemed heated and expanded like gas, and the lungs scarcely moved with its presence. Ever and amon a slight post would come and cause the heavy sails to tremble, but it brought no feeshees with it. It came from the heated region, and was only like a pull from a farmare. The captain had now come upon deck again, and having looked around a few consents, he orderedhis mate to prepare for a storm.

"It will come," he caid, as he cust his eves to the southward and westward, where a low line of dark gloony red narhed the horizon. "It will come; and when it does come it will be heavy. Fur the light sails and send down the toppalant master. Close reaf the topsails and then furl them. We must lay low "In the meanting there was much suffering in the cakin. The surgeon came up and informed the captain that the wave or would iterally surfaces of the eye could not come on deck; and in a mouncil more Asherton case up with the same complaint.

"But what can we do?" asked Philips, in at purgled state of the captain that the wave of the reason is the same complaint.

"But what can we do?" asked Philips, in at purgled state of the captain that the wave of the mouncil more Asherton case up with the same complaint.

"But what can we do?" asked Philips, in at purgled state of

live through it time."
what can we do?" asked Philips, in a puzzled state of

will, up some kind of awaing here on the poop," said the sur-cor. "It must be done."
"They'd better be up been in a step than down there in such ulcesting misery as they're in now."
At this meaner it be negro woman came herrying on deck, and be manner in which she breathed showed that her lungs were well byth exhausted.

bigh exhausted. Mas'r," she gasped, " mis'us 'll sprely die to def down der. cen't breaven ht."

well high exhanated.

"Mase," she gasped, "mis'as 'll sprely die to def down der. She ean't breave a ht."

Die he need you up to Philips asked.

Yas, mas'es you up to Philips asked.

Yas, mas'es you up to pholips asked.

At this Philips want down, and when he cu'ere. The cabin he knew that no delices of the cabin he knew that no delices of the cabin he were the notation of the court of the cabin he were the notation of the court of the cabin he will surprise. He entered his room, and there "O. Adam" she utte do to breath, and suffering much.

"O. Adam" she utte do a from here."

In the starboard carried one is from here."

In the starboard court from here."

In the starboard court from here."

In the starboard court from here carried on a stort awnio, brought up, and then he had done he had picuty of bedding the women. Ere long the wives ware brought on deck, and photogh the atmosphere was anything but graveful yet they felt guest relief, for they could certainly breathe more feely. They

found the newly contri-,ed place very comfortable in other re-

found the newly contrispects.

It was " a midnight, and from the small tent upon the deck of
the P and Lion came the walls of two infants. Two more that
ad been placed in tenements of clay and starts", apon the tide
of life. Mr. Atherton and the captain were anseas, for the
of life. Mr. Atherton and the captain were anseas, for the
deter had not yet dared to move his pather, to, and the storm
was night at hand. A low rumbing sound, comething like dis
tar thender, came ever the water fror the south'd and
west'rd, and the heavens began to grow dark. It did not seem
to be the darkness of rising clouds, bo" dark. It did not seem
to be the darkness of rising clouds, bo" more like the suddent
coming of a darker night, as though a pail were suddently drawn
over the see. And now came cool damp prifs scross the water,
and the low deep rumbling grew londer and louder.

"My soul" gasped Athert'n, "we must get them below as
soon as possible. The stort must break very soon."

"May we move them, deter "the captain asked.

"Yes—we may run" he risk, though I to sincerely believe
they would not now be alive but they been kept below."

"Then hasten!" of datherton, all excited fear.

At that moment a seclamation from the helmsman attracted
their attention, at do nicoking around they beheld a scear that
startled them wi'n horror. Upon the larboard quarter was a
leng line of foar, wearing a creat of phos-horse-cent brightness,
which came tw abling, surging on at a fearful rate. The rear
was element a sterning."

"Of with it,
and let he laye the stavail alone. I expect it will go, and it

were litted up by stout men and taten eet from ander the awalf g.

"Jake haste" Ch! in God's name, make haste!" cried Athertor, in an agorizing tone. But even as he speke the storm-donout had come. Four stout men carried the ceptain's wife pron a mattress, and behind came four men hearing Mrs. Atherton in the same manner, while the negrees and Mary Lane followed with the infants.

There came one deep groun from the merchant, and then the fell bliv came. The creat which had been seen rode upon the top of a high see and as the mountain of water struck the ship she was buried beneath it. It hoke over the quarter and swepthe ceck fore and aft, and for a few mements the noble barsemed cuttirely overcome, but gradually she struggled up from the storm grasp, and then with one mighty three she dasted off before it.

"Where is my wife!—my child t" cried Atherton, leaping up from the scuppers, where he had been entirely buried in water.

up from the scuppers, where he had been entirely buried in water.

The only answer he received was a like cry from Philips.

The chief mate saw the position in which his commander was placed, and he at once rook charge of the ship, and with the help of the belonce received mizzen he contrived to get her up to the wind, though she came very nigh being trown upon her beamends in the operation. But "twas madness to think of rounding before such a gale when the lee shore was not over sixty miles distant.

In the mean time lanterms had been brought, and the quarter-deck searched. The four men who had borne Mrs. Phillips were found, and their charge was safe; but of those who carried Agues Atherion only one was left! And where was the burden they bore? Alles! it was gone! Agues and Mary Lane were both missing!

found, and their charge was safe; but of those who carried Agnes
Atheriton only one was left! And where was the burden they
bore! Alas! it was gone! Agnes and Mary Lane were both
"Oh. God! my wife and child! Both gone! both gone!"
The bereaved bushand cried.
"Then carry it below. My child may be safe; but oh! at
what a fearful cost."
"Then carry it below. My child may be safe; but oh! at
what a fearful cost."
In a few minutes more the party were in the cabin. Another
search had been nade about the deck, but Agnes Atherton and
Mary Lane were gone; and the three noble fellows who had
helped to bear the new-made mother!
"Could a boat be lowered!" saked the merchant, deliriously.
"Good heavens, no!" returned the captain; "a boat would
not live to have the falls unhooked. Oh! would to God there
was some help for your loss, but there is none, save what God
in his own mercy may de. Even to change the course of the
ship would be sure destruction, for the sas is rising at every moment. They are gone—give them to God!"

With a deep groan John Atherton sank down and bowed his
head. He saw that nothing could be done more than had already been accomplished. His own sense told him that the
captain had spoken truly, and with a reluctant, breaking heart
he nurnaned:
"God's will be done!"

Oh. John Atherton had loved that gentle wife; he had loved
her with all the fervor of his stout heart and noble soul, and it
seemed now as though life itself had gone. With a fearful shudder he let his thoughts run into the future, and for the while he
could only see darkness and gloom to be with him in all the long
days to come. But at length his mind turned to his child, and
he started up.
"Chiloe," he crid, "where is my child?"
"Here, man'r—dey's hoff wid missus." And thus speaking,
the negress led the way to the captain's state-room, where both
the infants!, y upon the boson of the surviving mother. Capt.
Philips was there soothing his wife, while the surgeon was
binding up the right arm of one of the infants, which had got
cut h so

"But which child was it that had its arm out."
Atherton.
"Sure I doesn't know, mas'r," the negress returned, gazing first upon one infant and then upon the other.
And no wonder the poor woman was puzzled. There lay two infants, "as alike as two peas," and both dressed in the same manner. Both the expectant mothers had worked together, and they had is shioned the garments for their offspring from the same material, and from the same patterns. So now he little ones lay together, dressed alike, and without the least physical sign for a distinction, save that one of them had a wound upon the right arm.

ones lay together, dreased alike, and without the least physical sign for a distinction, save that one of them had a wound upon the right arm.

"But arredy," cried Atherton," in a frenzy of excitement, you hould know which of the children was cut."

"But arredy," cried Atherton," in a frenzy of excitement, you hould know which of the children was cut."

"Aye," added Philips—" you should know that."

"Aye," added Philips—" you should know that."

"Are a while the party were slient, but at length the Captain's eyes cleaned with a tew thought.

"Mr. Atherton," he said, as he turned suddenly toward that gentleman, "this is a very unforturate business, but I think it may yet be decided fairly. What is there nore sure, next to an absolute certainty, than a mether's instinctive love. My wife may know her own.

Mr. Atherton caught at the plan, and agreed at once to leave it to the living mother. And so it was done.

Mrs. Phillips gased upon the two infants for a long while in specchless anxiety. The little follow who had his arm bound up was yet sobbing with pain, and he nestled more closely to the warm breast than did the other. The woman's sympathy was awakened, and she clasped the sobbing, wounded one to her bosom, and said it was her own child.

So the children were marked from that hour, and the living mother nursed them both.

The storm reged, and the mad sea rolled on in crashing waves; but the noble ship stood bravely up. Mr. Atherton came on deck to cool his feverish brow. He thought of his wife, and he thought of the two infants below. He was resolved to speak not a word against the decision which had been made; and yet,

thought of the two infants below. He thought of his wife, and he not a word against the decision which had been made; and yet, he, too, had feit his soul years toward the wounded child.

"Alsa" he nurmared, "it is a secret yet, for the instinct of the living mother has not solved it. The secret is locked up in the storm, and until the sea gives up its dead I may not know the truth."

CLOUDS ON ALL HANDS.

Since that night when the ship Red Lion rode out the furious gale upon the African coast, and the two infants were born smid the storm, twenty one years have passed away into born amid the storm, twenty one year has place in the noor of life have grown old-straight forms have become best-dark and glossy heads have grown gray-young men and maidens have marched on to the meridian of their days, and those who were infants then have now become men and women grown. But Life has not nad all the work to itself. Death has been busy luring that score and one of years, and the broad way to the tomb has been often traveled.

It was early evening, and in the parlor of one of the most

sumptuous dwellings of New-York City sat the retired merchant, John Atherton. Ah! he has changed most wonder-The old grief still gnaws at his heart, and when he is all fully. The old grief still gnaws at his heart, and when he is all alone, as now, his mind will wander back over those long years agone to that fearful night when the storm robbed him of his wife. He had never wished for another. Many a beautiful woman had coveted his wast wealth, and tried hard to win his heart; but he had no heart to give. His first, his last, his only love was snatched away from him when the storm-demon came, and he could never love again. His once noble form was bent, and the hair which used to cluster about the high brow in glossy brown curis had grown crisp and gray, and the top of the head was bare to the blasts which swept over it. And then his

head was bare to the biasts which swept over it. And then his features had grown spare and furrowed, and a sort of harshness which was not there before had come upon them. In fact, he was a different man from what we found him when first we saw him. Long sorrow has shut up his heart, and present troubles had weaped and source his soul.

The old man sat in his great chelf with his eyes closed, and his hands clasped upon his knees. His lips moved, but no sound came forth. Presently one of the doors of the spartment opened, and a young git entered. She was not far from mineteen years of age. In form she was below the medium hight, rather full, with a skin as pure and delivate as alabster, and yet blooming with health. Her hair was of a rich brown, and her eyes of a deep liquid blue. She was a beautiful being, and as good as she was beautiful. Such was Eather Lyman, an orphan, who had been with Mr. Atherton several years. Her father had been Atherton's business partner, and when he died he gave the child into the bands of his friend, and bade him care for and protect her as though she were his own. Her mo her had died when she was though she were his own. Her mo her had died when she was though she did and thus, when she came to find a home be reath the old merchant's roof she gave him her whole heart with all its childad confidence and willing obedience to just control.

"Weil, father," she uttered, as she tripped lightly forward at placed be re hand upon the old man's srm.," I am all ready for the start."

"Ah—so quick! Good. You are smart, Esther. We shall

at d placed her hand upon the old mairs arm, the start."

"Ah-so quick? Good. You are smart, Esther. We shall be off by noon to morrow."

"So I suppose; and so I have hurried. Is the ship all ready." "So I suppose; and so I have hurried. Is the ship all ready to-sail."

"Yes; the last of the cargo was put on board this afternoon. To-chorve foremoon she will get her papers end drop down and then we will go off in the steam-tag. So I have made arrangements. Ah, my child, this trip to Europe will benefit

Esther's side the captain moved forward to where the mate was superinted ding the stewing of the suchor.

"What was that chap saying to you!" cried Mark.
"He was only answering some of my questions touching the ship, and so on."

"And so on." repeated Mark, in a jeering tone. "Perhaps you wouldn't have asked the questions, and the so on's, if the captain had been an old, sujy-hosing man, el! He's acraping an acquaintance deuced quick, seems to me, You just steer clear of him, that's all."

With a flush of indignation upon her face, Esther turned and went below, where she found her maid hat her room all prepared. She threw off her bounds and shaw!, and then sank down upon the sofa and bowed her head upon her hands. Her first thought was of Mark Atherton, and she gave him a cool, caim sease no consideration. At length she raised her head and told her maid that she might so on deck if she wished. This maid was a short, black eyed gir!, some eighteen years of are, and named Sarah Wilkims. She loved her young mistress, and was a faithful servant and friend. She was anxious to go up and see the land otce more, and with a simple expression of thanks she left the room. As soon as Esther was thus left alone, she started to her feet, and with her hands clasped she uttred—"I cannot be that man's wife. It would be wicked to throw away my every earthly hope of pay just to please the whim of a libertine; for such I know Mark Atherton to be. On, I know his father will not hame me."

After this the maiden satdown again, and her thoughts turned raturally enough upon Captain Lione! Walbert. He was the first man also had ever met—or at least, that she had met since she had been old enough to study human nature—who possessed all those qualities which she thought requisite to constitute the real, true man to had a safe thought of him now the old fluttering came to her heart, and her bosom swelled with the new and strange contours. She dared not attempt to analyze the feeling, and pethogs she had to desire to. At all event she had a and then we migote in the security. So I have made in the proper will benefit you."

"If it benefits you, father, I shall be happy."

"Then's you, gentle one."

"Afforth's Esther trued to leave the room, for she had only come to fet her protector know that she was all ready; but the cold man apiled her back.

"Ewher," he said, drawing her closer to him, "I wish to speak with you further touching a subject I have once before breached. You know what I wear."

"greak or, sir," nummired the maiden, trembling particularly a subject I have once before breached. You know what I wear."

"telande to gour marrying with my sin. He loves you well, and I how he is lost if he loves you. We will make this trip to Europe, and agreet there, or when we return, the thing shall be consummared. I know you will not tell me may."

"No, no, my beer friend, I shall not say ray, though I have not yet loved Mark as I should wish to love my hineband."

The old man imprinte," a kins upon her fair now as she spoke, and then she turned from the room. She went up to her own chamber, and there she sait down upon her bed and covering har face in the quilt, she burst late tears. She was not really unhappy, but a strang, indefinable gloom had settled down upon her—sort of cloud, which there its shadow into the future—said her son! was said. E've remembered her orphaned tate, and the olders for her mon't we went up from her son!

ton enters. He was twenty-one years of age, though in some the libehred older. Those who knew him best, and knew his deally walks when away from his bease, end that 'twest dissipation which gave him tant old look. He was below the medium hight, quite thick-set, with black hur and black dyes, and with features which were far from handsome. His brow was low and contracted, and the base of me nead, where the animal passions are developed, was broad and full.

"Weil, governor," he said, as he threw himself upon one of the lounges with a free and easy sort of an air, as though he were speaking with a convival companion, rather than with his father, "how blows the wind now?"

"To what do you allude, my son!" the old man asked, looking around with a pained expression of countenance.

"Why—to the girl, of course. To Miss Exter Lyman."

"I bave spoken to her, Mark, and she has not refused you. I thisk she will yet be your wife; but I do trust yes will be what you have promised me."

"Of course I will." returned the youth, with a mock estemn look. "When the delightful creature is my wife I'll be a real yodge for soberness; and as for morality—why, two descens and a priest might approach my etandard, but arching lest. Mark that."

A cloud fitted across the old man's brew, and a deep pain-

cost and was coming down before the wind. In fifteen minutes more the brig's hull own, do seen, and it was also seen that she had run up her s'v'_ding sails.

"By my rou!" cried Walbert, with his are to his eye, "she carries runs." And I can see her hows crowded with men ""
"How "o' cried Maherten." What is she !"
"Are your eyes good, Si!"
"Yes—as good as ever," returned the old man.
"Then take this gisse atd tell me what you see."
"If he therton took the instrument, and having raised it to his eye he turned it upon the coming brig. He gased awhile, and then, are a shudder ran through his frame, be said:
"I see port-boles in her side, and gurs projecting from them. I see a dease crowd of men upon her forecastle, and they seem very eager. And they are a motley crew, too—not uniform, like the crew of a lawful was vessed."
"Aye, Sir—so I saw," responded Walbert. "I think I know the fellow; and to you, Sir, who may be cool, I will say we have fallen into a bad fix. That brig is a Spanish pirate which has infested this section for over a year. He is a relentiess, bloody villain, and we must

At this moment the brig fired one of her bow guns, and as the report came booming over the water a shadow ran around among the crew. They now knew the character of the stranger, and they knew, too, that he was a remarkable sailer; so much so that he had run away from the swiftest of the British corvettes.

"Mr. Atherton," spoke the young captain, calmiy and col-

much so that he had run away from the swiftest of the British correcties.

"Mr. Atherton," spoke the young captain, calmly and collectedly, "you must break this matter to the young lady, and place her where she will be safe. We shall have some warm work, for I mean to fight to the very last extremity. My ship shall never be given up while I live. You may help me if you will." Then Waibert turned to his men.

"Start by!" he shouted. "We'll make a run first, and then prepare for defense during the chase. Tacks and sheets. Cast off to feeward—round in on the weather braces. Up with the helm—steadily!"

In a few moments the ship was heading due south, with the wind fair upon the quarter, and the larboard studding-sails set below and aloft, and she now plowed through the water swifty. But the brig had changes her course also, and was in direct chase, and it was soon evident that the latter vexed was gradually but surely gaining!

chase, and it was soon evident that the latter vessel was gradially but surely gaining!

It was a thrilling moment. All knew now the character of the pursuer, and all knew that certain death must "llow a capture by him. There is a stratge terror in the thou, ht of a pirate at sea; but when that thought becomes reality, when the dread demon is upon 'be track; at d, more than all, when the fearful truth bursts forth that the blood monster can use the greatest speed—then the heart sinks into the night of deepair, and the scul turns instinctively to its God!

So feit those on board the noble ship as she vainly fled before her fell pursuer!

you're for soberness; and as for morality—way, two deasens and a priest might approach my standard, but sothing less. Mark that."

A cloud fitted across the old man's brew, and a deep painmark was upon his face, for he saw plainly that the youth spoke only in broad, coarse levity. But he put back the riging indignation, and then, in carefully modulated tones, he said—"Ah, my son; you promised me, if I would gain her hand far you, that you would commence at once and break from all your evil ways."

"Evil ways, Sir!" uttered the youth, affecting indignant surprise. "You speak without thought. Sir. I promised that I would give up some of my bachelor pleasures."

"Bah!" uttered the father, unable to contain that burst of indignant feeling, "you talk of bucador pleasures—you who are arcely out of your teems. I was not married until forty."

"Aye—and lost your wife at forty-one. Now if you had married at my age you would have been ready to give up your wife at forty-one without trouble. Don't you see!"

The old man started at this unfeeling remark, and his still dark eye flashed with an unwonted fire.

"Wretch!" he uttered, between his clenched teeth, "how dare you speak thus to me! You know nothing of the lave of a toble heart."

"Come, come, governor, that won't go down. You shouldn't praise yourself at the expense of another, you know. No doubt your heart was very tender at forty, but very tough now. But a 'suporte—you have spoken with Esther, and she will be mine. Egad, she is the handsomest team in the city, I do believe. Work' she look spierdidly at the head of my table!"

"And is that all you care for her!" saked the old man, with a slight shudder. "Do you not love her for her noble qualities of heart and soul as well as for her beauty of face and form!"

"Or be sure, I do. I're told you once I worship her."

For a few mements after this the two were silent—the father evidently wishing that his son were a better man, and the son evident by with a sfety to himself. The youth was the first to break the silence. THE BATTLE AT SEA.

There were on board the James Wilson, belonging to the ship, thirty souls—twenty four men and petty officers, three mates, the captain, cook and boy. The owners knew that there were several phrates cruising about the Northern Atlantic, and they had accordingly supplied the ship with arms sufficient for forty men. There were forty cutlasses, forty braces of pistols, and forty carbines, and ammunition enough for quite a siege.

"Yes, Mark—and we are to go on point to anything moot."

"Then I must be ready. Egad, but we'll have a glorious time on the trip. I shall enjoy it hugely. But say—why couldn't Ester and I be matried before we start?"

"No, sin." quickly responded the father. "Such a thing cannot be listened to. And mind you, one thing further: You have got to make yourself agreeable to the fair girl, for as sure as I live, she shall not marry you against ber will. And one thing further," be continued, growing more sernest is tone and look. "If you so conduct yourself that she will not marry you, and I know that her decision is based upon your conduct, I while they out you off with one solitary shilling. Now mark me, for I am in earnest." forty carbines, and ammunition enough for quite a siege.

As soon as it was evident that the pirate was gaining the young ceptain called his crew all aft.

"My noble fellows," he said, in a calm, assuring tone, "you see the trouble which is following us sure and fust. If that fellow overcomes us we are lost, for I know his habits well. He goes upon the principle that "dead men tell no tales," and if he captures us we must die. So let us die, if we must, like men—like true Yankee sailors. We have arms in plenty—a thing which few of our merchantmen carry—and if we are cool and determined we may hold them a good tug. Now, who is there here who will not fight to the death? If there is one let him

But roone spoke.

"No, no, -you don't mean that," uttered Mark, trying to appear at ease, but making a poor figure at it. "You don't mean that."
"I do. As sure as I live, I do! If you lose Esther Lyman by the repulsiveness of your own conduct, save one single shilling every peasy of my property shall go to another party. Now beware!"

Mis. Philips—and nothing of the child they had claimed as their own.

And now, as the boy grew darker in character, these feelings and suspicious came on more s rongly and agonisingly than ever before. Oh: for that secret which the fell storm nastched away in the bosom of his wife. He called for it often, for a strange ruling presentiment was with him—had been with him from that hour—that his wife would have known her child—that either she or her attendant could have explained that wounded arm. But he called in vain. The secret was locked up from him, as are all things locked up which the Storm Demon takes to bimself.

THE PIRATE. The ship Junes Wilson had been towed down the river be-

beware. "
"That's coming it rather hard " said Mark as he rose and turned toward the door.
"It is not hard," the old man cried loudly and energetically.
"It is not hard," the old man cried loudly and energetically.
"It is not hard," the old man cried loudly and energetically.
"It is not hard," the old man cried loudly and energetically.
"It is not hard," the old man was less one more slone, All that! ask is that you behave yourself Remember—be ready at moon to-morrow."

This was a sentle hint for Mark to retire, and he did so; and when the old man was left once more slone, he started up and commenced pecing the room.
"Ob, Just Heavens!" be cried, with his hands clasped before him, "can that boy be bone of my bone and fiesh of my flesh!
Oh, Agnes, Agnes! is this our child! Look down from heaven and tell me if this is he who cost you your noble life! Oh, why does that phantom haunt me? Why does that wounded arm—that moaning infant—rise up before me continually! Mercy, mercy! Oh! if this be really my child, give me strength to bear with him?

And so the old man was wont to cry out often. Ever and anon the terrilble thought was with him, as it had been on that dark right a score of years before, that he had gut the wrong child! He could tot drive the fear-phantom away now. He could look ba it and see that other infant as it moa ed with pain, and he remembered how his sympathies gathered about it then. And from that hour he had not been free from the doubt. And where was the cther child! Alas! he knew not. He had searched for him during long, long years, but he never could find him, not a clue to him. He could find no Adam Philips—no Mrs. Philips—and nothing of the child they had claimed as their own.

Ard now, as the boy grew darker in character, these feelings "And Low," resumed Walbert, with a kindling eye, "who of you will atand by me to the last?" There was but one sound in reply. It was the united voice of the whole crev, and they held their courage from that moment.
"Then up with the arms," cried the captain, "and have them all ready. Let every pistol and carbine be loaded, and be sure that every man has half a dozen rounds of ammunition extra.

Away, now, and let the work be doze as quickly as possible."

all ready. Let every pistol and carbine be loaded, and de sare that every man has half a dozen rounds of ammunition extra. Away, now, and let the work be done as quickly as possible."

With a will the men went at work, and in the meantime the captain turned his attention to the pirate. That ressel was now not much over a mile distant, and gaining every minute.

"How many men should you think she half asked Mr. Atherion, as he noticed the captain with his glass at his gre.

"That is what I have been trying to make out," returned Waltert. "I think she must have about seventy-five."

"Rather heavy odds, Sir," said the old man.

"Yes—but fortune may favor us. It is easier to resist those fellows than to overcome them. But wait. I mean to give them a warm reception, at all events. If we must fall, then so let it be; but we will fall ere they take this ship. You can go below, sir, where the balls will not hit you."

"How? It below! I go below and leave you here fighting for me and mine I I pardon you, captain, ere you ask it; not never put such an afront upon me again. Give me arms, and when the ship is taken I shall have fallen."

"Pardon—pardon, sir," uttered Walbert, warmly, at the same time grasping the old man by the hand.

"I told you I pardoned you," returned Atherton, smilling.

"Biess you, sir. Every arm not only helps, but the presence of one like you will give I ew courage to the men."

Just as the captain ceased speaking the pirste fired a gun, and the hall struck in the water just under the larboard quarter.

"We must be up and doing," reited Walbert, "for ere long her shot will rake us easily. Are the small arms all loaded?"

"Aye aye. Sir," responded the second mate, who had had charge of that operation.

"Then distribute them at once. Let every man have his fall allowance—cutiass, pistols and carbine. Ah—Mr. Atherton, will you take arms?"

"Yes—a—"I have some," answered Mark, for he was the one who had been thus addressed. He trembled as he spoke, and his cheea wore a bianch spot.

Had fan hour had no

The ship Jumes Wilson had been towed down the river be-low Staten Island, and there she lay with her loosed sails hang, ing in the buntlines. At noon Mr. Atherton, and his son, and his ward, stepped on board the little steamer which was waiting for them, and were soon carried down to the ship, which they boarded without difficuity. In a few moments more, while the true was puffing its way back to the great city, the ship's topsails were sheeted heme, the anchor having already been hove up-and the yards hoisted. The noble craft swept gracefully around, and ere iong the was on her course toward the broad Atlantic. The lofty sails were set; the courses dropped, and then the men went at work clearing the deck. Mark Atherton had gone below to get a glass of brandy and then the men went at work clearing the deck.

Mark Atherton had gone below to get a glass of brandy and water to keep off sea sickness, as he said, and the old merchant was busy in seeing that his luggage was properly stowed. Esther was left alone upon the poop, where she was engaged in watching the green shore as it seemed to move past her. The scene was a new one to her, and she enjoyed it much. The dashing, fearning water; the distant rocks over which the waves beat in white, surging creets; the receding city; and above all.

through the lower studding sall, an exclamation of sudden interest broke from the capital's lips.

"See!" he cried, "she has shown her colors!"

All hands looked, and they saw, floating from the brig's masthead, that dreed energy of sin and death—the black flay!

"Now he means to go at the work in earnest," said Walbert, as he started forward to where the spare arms stood against the fiferail.

"Let these be laid alorg under the starboard rail," he said, "for when we heave to it shall be on the larboard tack, and of course the pirate will round to under our lee. Now stand by. Look to your priming. Be ready for my orders.

Another, and another gun from the brig proved that it would be dangerous any lorger to stand on, for she was now so may that the could serd her shot with some degree of accuracy. So Walbert gave the order for bringing the ship to the wind with the main-topsall to the mast. The studding-sails were taken off, the courses clewed up, and then the sinp brought to the wind with only the fore and mizzen yards braced up.

"Now stand by," cried the young captain. "Twelve of you lie here under the taffail, for you will have one good snot from here. The rest of you lie low beneath the starboard rail, and have your pieces ready. Remember you have eight spare carbines. Have them handy, and be sure you knew who is to fire them."

In a few moments it was arranged who should take the extra arms for a second shot, and also as to how they should pick their min, so that no two should fire at the same person.

"Egad," gasped Mark, in a tremilous tone, "won't Esther be frightered down there all alore!"

"But my son, you can be of vasily more service to Esther up here than you can possibly be down there."

"But, Mark my son, will you turn your back on the foe now! Will you skulk away below and leave you rold father to fight for you?"

"That is just as you say whether I leave you here on not. If you are wise you like odown too, and leave these sallors to fight you are wise you like odown too, and leave these sallors the boundless expanse of ocean which opened before her, all tended to inspire her soul with awe and wonder; and her con-ceptions at once turned to the Great Ruler, in whose hand all

tended to inspire her soul with awe and wonder; and her conceptions at once turned to the Great Ruler, in whose hand all
these things were. She was thus standing, and watching the
strange scene, when some one at her side spoke.

"Ferbays this is something new to you, lady," said the voice.

Esther turned, and saw the man whom she had at first recogmixed as commander of the ship. And yet she could hardly realize that she was correct. She had heard him called captain,
and she had heard him give such orders as only the cantain could
give; yet she was puzzled. She had always supposed that a sea
captain must be a rough, stout, dark featured man, with a coarse
face and hope whiskers; but the man by her side was very
young—not over two and-twenty, if he was so oli—tall and
straight, and of a noble bearing, with a bright, fall hazel eye;
dark, curling brown hair, and features of more than ordinary
many beauty. In fact, he was the very ideal of a noble, handsome man, and his peculiar beauty was no more in the conformation of his form and features, than in the beaming light of intelligence and goodness that was manifest in every linearment of
his countenance. His name was Lionel Walbert, as Esther had
acen by the circular which her guardian had brought home before
he engaged his peasage.

"It is new, sir," the maken replied in answer to the remark
she had heard. "I was never on board a large ship before."

"Then you will find much that is new," returned the captain
in a kind, winning tone. "But I trust we shall be able to make
your situation so pleasant that you will not regret having sailed
with na."

"Thank you sir," fervently answered Esther, at the same
time raising her eyes to her companion's face. Their gaze met,
and for a moment they seemed mutually rivetted. The maden
was the first to drop her eyes, and as she did so she felt a strange
fluttering of the heart. It was a sensation she had never before
experienced, and so deep was it that when she spoke again her
voice trembled in scitte of all her effor

"But, Mark my son, will you turn your back on the foe now! Will you skulk away below and leave your old father to fight for you!"

"That is just as you say whether I leave you hereor not. If you are wise you'll so down too, and leave these sailors to fight it out. At all events, I shan't risk my life up—Oh o oh ow! Mercy!"

This ejeculation was caused by a musket shot which came from the pirate's deck and struck the rail close by which Mark was standing.

"But, Mark my son, will even a struck the rail close by which Mark to the pirate's deck and struck the rail close by which Mark toward the companion way.

"Then go," uttered the old man, with an expression of min-gled shame and contempt. "Go, the presence of a coward would do more harm than good."

gled shame and contempt. "Go, the presence of a coward would do more harm than good."

After young fearling stopped not to reply, but with his head bowed as though he wound escape the next ball that came, he dedged down the cabin ladder.

"th, Great God." the white haired old man murmured, "can that be a sow of mine! Bid a coward ever draw blood from my veins?! I cannot believe it. Oh, Agnes! Agnes is that our child?"

"Did you speak to me, Sir " asked Walbert, who at that mement came unon the peop.

"No. 10, Sir "
"Sto.? Oh, cal him not son of mine," ejaculated the old man, with deep feeling. "He is a coward!"

"Aird do you thirk I am father to a coward!"
"Minel it not, Sir," said the Captain kindly. "If the young man is afraid he had better be below than on deck. But look sharp, tow. Stard by!—Here she comes! Ah! you haves fire shart!"

man is afraid he had better be brow train on deca. The start, tow. Stard by !-Here she comes! Ah! you have a fire shat!!

As the young commander thus spoke the brig had berun to itself up ander the aten, and her men were all huddled together slong her instrument slong her instrumen

Suppose at this moment came from the one seed.

If p and fire "attered the captain, paying no attention to the hall.

At the word, the twelve men below the taffrall leaped up, and, with a quick but sure aim, they fired. The pirate was under too much headway to change her course now; and before her crew could make any movement toward overcoming a repetition of this, to them, unexpected movement, she was farly under the ship's quarter. Had she had mun in her tops, the pirates might have noticed the disposition of the Yankees, but that precaution was overlooked.

Up again! Fire!" untered Walbert.
This time there were twenty six carbines loaded, and eighteen of them were fired with telling effect.

Fire the others!" shouted the Yankee captain.

Those who had been selected to fire the remaining pieces were prompt at the work; and by the time they were discharged the twelve men who had first fired had reloaded theirs'; and at a word from their commander they gave the enemy their contents.

By this time the ship's crew had become nerved up to the

and deep, the y went at their felt werk. But they had to deal with steet me with men who feared no open feet, and who now fought for life.

steet mr. — with men who feared ne coan fee, and who new feeph. Ser life.

.eth Atherton grasped his cutiase firmly in his hand, and with a prayer to God to sestain the right, he sprang ferward to the conflict. His sam felt its youthful vigor once more, and his dark eye flex. His sam felt its youthful vigor once more, and his dark eye flex to the set wordsman of his club, and he proved now that he had not best swordsman of his club, and he proved now that he had not be stawed spen he head of one who had just placed the muzzle of a pistol to Walbert's head. In an instant more the youthful commander would have been a deed man—he have it—he saw the movement, but an antagenist in front claimed his whole attention. He saw too, just as he had given up the leat hope of life, the descending blade of the white-barred old man.

"God bless you!" he ejaculated; and then he went at the work again.

iffe, the descending blade of the will all then he went at the "God bless you!" he ejaculated; and then he went at the work again.

The conflict upon the ship's deck had lasted now about ten minutes, and the dead were thickly strewn around. The pirate captain, a hure, dask faced Spaniard, had made his way to the poop, when his eye caught a small silken mantle which lay close by the companion way.

"Ha" he cried, "there are women on board! Ha, ha, ha; we'll sain a double price here. By heavens! I'll see what we have helow!"

"Ba-k, villain" abouted Atherton, springing forward with splifted cottiess, "Back, I say!"

"Ha, old whitehead, do you think to thwart me! Take that!"

He aimed a furticus hlow as he spoke, but he was mistaken in his man; yet he would have quickly overcome the old man had not Walbert sprang to his reason. Trice the pirac chieftain's heavy blade was knocked down, and then two more pirates rushed to the acene. They had heard the cry of "Women on board" and they were eager for the prize. They were both efficers. In an instant they engaged the young captain, and thus Atherton was left again with the giant chieftain to deal with.

Cantelly Walbert was soon knocked down, and a cutlass was

THE COWARD AND THE HEROINE.

While these startling scenes were transpiring on the ship's deck there was a scene in the cock-pit which demands our attention, since the fate of more than one person in our story was to be greatly influenced thereby. Upon a low box sat Esther and Sarah Wilkins, while opposite them, upon a powder-chest, sat Mark Atherton, with his cutlass strapped about his loins, and a

pletol in each hard. "Hark!" uttered Esther, as she felt the shock of the meeting

"Hark!" uttered Esther, as she felt the shock of the meeting ressels. "Oh! there they come! They are boarding! Hs!—They fire now! Oh, Mark, if you have one spark of honor left you will go up and stand by your father's side. Think of that trembling old man battling the foe, and you, his son, hidden away like a cowerd! Oh—up—up, and strike for your frienda."

"Bah, pretty one," returned Mark, not daring to show his arger before the noble girl, "I am here to protect you. I were a coward, stre, if I could leave you here alone just for the sake of fighting with pirates. No, no—I came down to stay by you—to protect you—to shoot down the first deuced pirate that dares to show his head here."

"And we I will venture all danger here," resumed Esther,

show his head here."
"And yet I will venture all danger here." resumed Esther,
with a flashing eye and indignantly curling lip. "If you would serve me go on deck."
"But I shan't, sweet. I hate those confounded pirate men

"But I shan't, sweet. I hate those confounded pirste men, and I won't associate with them. But let one of 'em show his denced head here—that's sil."
With a sickening sensation the fair girl turned away and laid her head upon Sarah's shoulder.
At length the dreadful class; reached its hight, and as the groans of the wounded and dying grew less and less, the tumult lessened also. By and by there came the sound of rushing feet toward the cabin, and the deep, hourse voice of the pirate chief-tain was heard calling out for some?

"Oh —Hark" gasped Eather starting to her feet and bending her head to listen. "There is your father's voice, Mark!—He is in darget! Oh, my soul! he is in conflict with the pirate captain!—Do you not hear! You have pistols! Up, up, and save your poor old father!"

"I could have saved him if he had been down here," returned the trembling wretch. "I saked him to come, but he wouldn't. He—" the! will you go?" cried Eather, wringing her hands in tor-

the trembling wretch. I caled min the "He" "Ho! will you go?" cried Esther wringing ber hands in torturing scory. "Will you go? Ha! Hear that! Another comes! Tis Walbert!—And more pirates come!—Oh! the old man cries for help! Now, Mark Atherton, up and save your father!"

But the coward would not.
'If! go," he uttered, "they might kill me, too, and then what would become of you?"
"Of me!—Out, coward! Give me your pistols! Give them to me. I say!"

"If go," he uttered, "they might kill me, too, and then what would become of you?"
"Of me!—Out, coward! Give me your pistols! Give them to me.! asy!"
With every nerve and muscle in her frame strained to the numest, with her teeth set and her large eyes burning intensely, Esther Lyman caught both the pistols from the coward's grasp. She cocked hem as die for them to come back, but they noticed following. Mark adiled for them to come back, but they noticed him not. He are she grasped the pistols more firmly, attered a simple "God help me!" and then sprang up the ladder. She sample "God help me!" and then sprang up the ladder. She caught two scenes at one glance. To the right lay her guardian, with the stout pirate's sword at his throat, and to the left lay Lionel Waihert, with a blood-stained blade at his heart. Quick as thought she placed the muzzle of her right hand pistel to the villain chieftan's temple, and fired. The pirate's head was shattered in a shapeless mass, and the huge body rolled over upon the deck. This movement had for the moment arrested these who held the young captain down, and with a nerve made steady by its very breathless, poiseless anxiety, the heroic girl caught the other pistol in her right hand and sprang to him who held the sword at Waibert's heart. The fellow would have leaged to his feet, but before he could do so the coulents of Esther's second pistel had passed through his brain! Lionel saw his advantage in an instant, and as he came to his feet he raised his curlass and cleft his second foe's skull in twain. Then he caught Esther by the hand—he raised the white fingers to his lips—and then he tremulously uttered—"God bless you for this."

In a moment more he cut down the only living pirate who was upon the quarter-deck, and then rushed forward, leaving Atherton to protect the maiden.

There was one wild shout of joy as the ship's crew saw their noble commander once more in their midst, and on the next instant the living pirates began to fee to their own vessel. Over they went, an

names, and two of the lastes were present.

"Thank God it is in worse!" ejeculated Walbert, as he found so many of his men safe and well.

Some of them were alightly wounded, but only one was seriously it jured among those who lived. Of the pirates twenty-seven were found dead upon the deck, while as many as twelve or thirteen must have been shot and fallen into the water in attempting to board, beside those who had been shot down upon their own deck. In fact, the villains had commenced the attack with altogether too much confidence. They had not calculated upon the amount of resistance they were to meet with. They had to deal with men who were their superiors in everything belonging to honest manhood, and they had come badly out from the ordeal.

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon when the deck was cleared up. The dead had been buried with all due solemnity: the wounded properly taken care of, and the deck cleared of all traces of the fearful costilit which had passed. Then it was that he captain called his remaining men together and blessed them for the noble bravery and devotion they had displayed.

"We have proved what true men gan do?" he said, "when the hour of trial comes. We have overcome a firece and uncompremising foe of considerably more than double our own number—s foe used to war and bloodshed, and who have been long flushed with victory and plunder. And yet there is one on board this ship upon whose noble devotion that heroic bravery the whole victory turned. But for the hand of Eather Lyman your commender would have been siain, and heroic bravery the whole victory turned. But for the hand of Eather Lyman your commender would have been siain, and the pirate chievant would have lived to urge on his bounds. Oh: Thou One Great God, who eest the emotions of the innermost heat, bless and keep the noble, generous girl always; and may we never forget to honor her for her heroic devotion, and to cherish her memory as a sure guide to virtue and goodness!"

For a full minute all was still on that dec

glow dwelt upon his cheek, and a warmer fire in his eye, he said:

"Fair lady, believe me, you have friends on board this ship such as the world's congregated wealth could not purchase. They may be rough to look upon, but when the hour of trial comes you shall find them true."

Esther murmured a word of thanks—it was all her full heart could bear—and then she termed away. Mark offered her his haid, but she spurned it from her, and took the arm of her guardian, and was thus conducted below. In a few moments the youth came down, and having taken a sant rear to Esther, and greed upon her a few seconds, he said:

"Now look here, my pretty one, I don't like this. I want you to understand that you are hurting my feelings. You'll be vise if you pays little more attention to decency."

"Mark Atherton," poke the maidem, with a proudly flashing eye, "if you had the feelings of a man you would not speak thus to me. But I pardon you became I know you are chagrined and uneasy. And now, Sir, let our relations henceforth be only such as might exist between the meat distant friends, for nothing more intimate can ever grow up in my heart for you. Your was sasse will tell you the motives which actuate me in this."

For a few momente Mark gared upon the fair speaker in

Your own sense will tell you the Bourse has this."

For a few moments Mark gared upon the fair speaker in blank amzement. Then he turned toward his father, and in a stan men ig voice he raid—

"Essa governor. d'ye hear that? She's going in for rebellion straight." And then turning to Esher, he aided—
"You'll get over this very soon. That young captain won't be always with you to flatter, and kiss your flugers. When you are my wife I should like to see somebody kissing your flugers. Essd—I'd like to see it! H'd better purchase a spot for burial house he attempts it.

"Do you mean that !" the youth whispered,
"I do, most secred! "
"And you"—added Mark, turning to the maiden—"what say
you! Will you be my wife!"
"I should not suppose you would sak me that, sir," the fair
girl said, with a perceptible tremor, but yet with a strength of
tone which admitted of no doubt concerning her purpose.
"But I do ask you, nevertheless. Will you be my write!"
"No, sir—I cannot—I will not!" And with these words,
spoken in a firm declaive tone, Eather turned toward hor own
rom.

spoken in a firm declaive tone, Either turned toward her own
"Hold!" shouted Mark, starting a step forward, and bringing
his cleriched fists together furiously. "If you do not become
my wife, I'll haunt thee to thy very grave! If you take a hushand other than me, I'll take his his easure as I have strength
left! Be my wife, and be at peace; be snothers, and you have
seen your last moment of joy on earth. I speak the truth, so
hip me God!"
With a low moan of terror the poor girl hurried to her statero m, and when once there she threw herself upon her low cot
and burst into tears.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW LOVE.

It was well into the evening when Esther had her support brought into her room. She had little appetite, and after sipping a little of the tea sits had the things taken away. The atmosphere of her narrow quarters was confined and angrateful, at least to her, and she resolved to seek the deck. She drew her mantle closely about her head and shoulders, and then made her way through the cabin. When she reached the poop she set down upon one of the stationary stools by the lear ill and est down upon one of the stationary stools by the lee rail, and looked over into the water. The ship was moving along at a fair rate, and the foam-creets which were thrown out and formed at the bows went sweeping by thickly genumed with

the creats till they disappeared in the distant gloom, "so pass away the joys and hopes of life. In youth the bright hopewreath gathers its sparkling promises about our brows in bright, ening smiles; but the night comes when they flee from us, and the last spark goes out in the far-off darkness."

"And yet others just as bright are constantly gathering in the future," pronounced a deep feeling voice at her side. " Those who look back always will see the brightness disappearing; but

Tanow—as a make can be closed when that such a man were my enemy, too."
Instinctively Eather looked up as her companion said this, and then her eyes dropped again. She did not speak.

"Lady," continued Llonel, speaking like one who has just broken from some confinement of thought, "I trust I shall not offend in speaking plainly. You are one who can justge rightly of the meaning of an honorable man, and who will not take of fense at the mere expression of honest sentiment. You know my orphaned condition as I know yours. For long years I have been tossed about upon the rough sea of life, left to my own care and guidance. To be sure I have made many friendships—some of them warm and grateful—but still there has been cone place in my heart not filled. That one strong leve which asks for an object that shall be its own to cherish for life has been unemployed. We all want some such thing to lova. God has endowed us with powers of affection for all good things, but that one streat earthly good—that one bond of union which is the most holy of this sphere—has never been mine—May I speak on?"

"Yes," whispered Eather, trembling violently, for her own—"Yes," whispered Eather, trembling violently, for her own—"Yes," which her commander would seek.

An—you are not onemsed.

Esther bowed her head, but she gave no answer. She could not speak yet.

"It was from no will of my own," continued Lionel, "but it was no emotion I could no more have shut out than I could have stopped the pulsations of the heast which held it. You have been present with me at every hour—in my dreame when I slept, at di my hopes when awake. I have held your sweet, kind face in my heart, and the consolation has been with one, whether we met again or not, I should at least possess the grateful remembrance of your sweet words and smiles. But since the events of the day, which has just passed, I have allowed my hopes a greater range. And now, why need I say more I am what I appear, and as I have fold you—alone on the earth—longing for a companion whe can love and care for me, and who can return the warm affection of my heart—who can be allowed. I may all the greater than the mean of while go cast her lot with me for all time to come. Shall I speak further? I will. I will tell you that until I saw you I never found my ideal of what I sought. Strange sit may appear, the moment your gaze met mine, the first time ware wrong I shaye some worldly wealth—enough to insure.

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lied ber on to pure and holy septrations.

The slip passed into the initial, and the land was gone from sight. Both beather such that the pure in the slip squarter, this she had not not been the slip squarter, the same she slip squarter, the slip squarter, the same she slip squarter, the slip squarter, the same she slip square, the same she she should the slip step square, the slip square, the same she she should be should be she should be should be she should be sh Latest Fashions adorn it; the purest morality temporalit; most sparkling wit enlivens it; the keenest setter seasons it; the Latest News freshens it; and the cream of whatever is most desirable enriches it.

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who lock back always win see the organises disappearing; but these who lock boldly ahead shall see new gisams of promise eyer emerging from the gloom. Hope looks only to the future It is Despair which keeps its eye fixed upon the past! You have a warm friend in Mark Atherton," said Captain Walbert-

for it was he.

"Mork Atherton." uttered the fair girl, starting as Chough something had sudderly given her pain. "Oh, Sir-mention not his name. He can be nothing to me mothing save my—"
"Speak on, whippered Walbert, anxiously."
"Perhaps I ought not to speak so plainly. Sir; but since I have gone so far I will tell you all. I can only look upon Mark Atherton as my enemy?"
"How!—an enemy? A man your enemy!"
"I he a man!" uttered Esther, quickly.
Lionel Walbert started at this question, and a wild emotion passed through his soul.

"How — an enemy? A man your enemy."

Itomel Walbert started at this question, and a wild emotion passed through his soul.

"Pardon me," he said, leaning toward his fair companion; but I had supposed that his relations toward you were of a most intimate and lasting kind."

"And where did you draw this supposition?"

"From Mark's own lips."

"Then be undeceived, Sir. I am nothing to him. It needs no further explanation."

"Yes—yes," quickly and energetically uttered Walbert; explain it to me. May I not ask it on the grounds of the peculiar relation which must henceforth exist between us? You must ever bear the warmest gratitude of my heart, and may I not around his warmest gratitude of my heart, and may I not around his warmest gratitude of my heart, and may I not a work how stands one who surely claims little gratitude from any one?"

With a wildly finitesing heart Esther gazed up into her companion's face, and when she could so far compose herself as to speak calmly, she said:

"You already know that the elder Atherton is my guardian. His son has long heen importunate for my hand, and though I never, by word or deed, gave him any hopes, yet I never directly refused him until to day. You, Sir, have seen his behavior this day, and you know whether he is one into whose hands a weak, itusting woman would willingly place her whole fature of earthly hopes and aspirations."

"Surely he is not," returned Walbert; and then he bowed, whis head in allerce. When he looked up again he moved still nearer to the side of his lovely companion—so near that he could place his hand upon her arm. "But," he resumed, "do you mean that from this the young man will be your enemy?"

"Yoe, Sir," answered Esther, with a perceptible shudder.
"And more than that he has sworn that if I marry any other man than him, he will take that man's life if thee in his power?"

"Ha! does, Sir, And oh! you know how cruel a coward of the case, Sir, And oh! you know how cruel a coward of the processing the strength that such a mas were

she could reply, but at length she said, in a low, tremmone whisper—

"You have spoken plainly, and I must speak the same. I am at liberty to do as I please, but yet I would confer with my guardian first. He has been very kind, and I would at least girs him the privilege of advising me."

"Then you acknowledge you can love me?" cried Lionel hopefully.

"I should not dare to tell thee may, for my heart will speak its own story. See my good guardian, and if he seconds your wish, then my answer shall not be withheld."

"And if he should refuse?" intered the youth, hesitatingly. "He will not—he cannot. Oh! when he knows how loads!

I—"

wish, then my answer shall not be withheld.

"And if he should refuse i" untered the youth, hesitatingly.

"He will not he cannot. Oh! when he knows how foodig!

Let'

Esther a oped, for in the depth of her wild emotions she forgot that she had not yet confessed all her love. But Walbert saw it all—he knew well the meaning of those impanioned words, even though the sentence was not complete; and in the first deep outpouring of his own powerful love he caught the fair maiden to his bosom and pillowed his head upon her shoulder. She did not resist—size only wept in the fullness of har new loy.

But they were startled by a quick footfall near at hand, and on it oking up they beheld Mark Atherton standing before them, his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes glaring like the fiesy orbs of the counched tiget!

This is all of this charming story that will be published in The Tribune. The continuation of it can be obtained only in The New York Ledger for this week, dated June 21, which can be bought at all the news office in the United States and Canada. If any reader of The Tribune does not live near a newscribe, and cannot therefore buy The Ledger for June 21, he can send for cents to the proprietor of The Ledger, who will send him that number of the paper by mail as soon as the letter is received. The Ledger is the handsomest and most valuable paper of the kind in the world. It contains splendid engravings, and is full of the very best stories and articles that genius can produce and that morey can buy. Fainy Fern, Sylvanus Cobb, it., Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Vaughan, Miss Gibson, Emerson Bernatt, and all the other great writers are engaged upon it. Over two lowes and dollars are often expended on one number of the Ledger is and yet it is sold for four cents a copy, and the Ledger and yet it is sold for four cents a copy, and the other of the story is a six of the proprietor to electrotype it, so that beck numbers containing the service of the continuation of the story and one of \$3, or, as we have siready seid,

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